

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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For The Dayspring.

GRACE'S TRIALS.

PART THREE.

CHAPTER 5. — *The Interesting Invalid.*

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.



R. LESTER did not like the habit of sighing and complaining that Grace had fallen into. "Jessie Ware is right," he said.

"They had better not sit 'poking,' as she calls it, over their painting in the house." He wanted Grace to be more out of doors. He did not like her going to school again in the afternoons. The older girls stayed at school in the mornings till one o'clock; but the younger ones left at twelve, and returned in the afternoon, for lessons in sewing or drawing, four afternoons in the week.

He thought Grace had better give these up; but Grace said they were the very best part of her day. "She should *hate* to give up her sewing and drawing." Her mother was afraid Grace had got very much into the habit of objecting to any plan. She seemed to like most the things she could not do, and want the things she could not have. Grace was willing to confess it was so. She wished there were more sisters, as at the Pendletons'; she wished she were grown up like Margaret or Hester, or else that she lived in the nursery with Molly and Dolly; and she was sure she did not want to give up her drawing.

Dr. Lester said it was all a matter of health: if Grace were well, she would be contented enough with what she had. Grace begged her father not to give her medicine, — that would be the worst trial of all. But the medicine he began upon was coming to school in the afternoons, and picking up Grace and Jessie to go off with him in his wagon, after the school hour.

He took them out of town over the hills, and then put them out in the road, and told them to walk home as fast as they could, and see if they could get home before him. And one day he came in a sleigh; for there was a late storm in March, and there were high drifts of snow over the tops of the fences, and making the meadows a smooth, white field. Even the boys had given up coasting, and Jack was threatening to put his sled away in camphor!

Dr. Lester piled half of the school-girls into his sleigh; and this time he did not put them out in the snow, but carried them up and down over the hills, while they shouted with delight; and they all came home with rosy cheeks, and Jack could not help remarking that Grace forgot to growl in the evening. And Grace actually laughed at him, instead of whining, and wished her father would give him some medicine to keep him down. She was sure *he* did not need any "building up"!

Jack troubled her now by calling her the "interesting invalid." He was planning a new novel, he declared, to be called "The Interesting Invalid, and her One Intimate Friend." But he was disturbed because he did not have enough incidents for his story, and told Grace he should never get on with it, unless she and her intimate friend would have some adventures.

"You might at least have a quarrel," he said, "and that would give me two exciting chapters: 'The Interesting Invalid blows up her Intimate Friend,' 'The Intimate Friend faints.'"

"We never do any thing of the sort," Grace indignantly retorted: "we don't faint."

"The interesting invalid ought to faint," Jack went on, "and the intimate friend might blow up."

"I wish you would not use that sort of language," said Grace, indignantly. "We are thinking of having a society to resolve not to use that sort of expression."

"I wish you would invite me to join," said Jack; "because I could furnish the expressions!"

Grace told Jessie about Jack's wishing they could have some adventures. "And I do wish we could," she added. "We might have them without quarreling with each other. I don't want to be an interesting invalid; but we might do something that is interesting."

"Yes, I think we might do something," said Jessie. "I was going to talk to you about it this afternoon."

"I have an idea," said Grace. "I was wondering whether we could not get up a crusade! Would not a crusade be splendid?"

"You don't mean a temperance crusade?" asked Jessie.

"No, I mean an old-fashioned kind of a crusade," said Grace; "with knights and armor, such as they used to have in old times."

"That would be splendid," said Jessie. "I had been thinking of a plan to-day, is not it strange? and I had just as lief call it a 'Crusade,' only I had thought of a 'Club.'"

"But a Crusade would be much grander!" said Grace.

"Of course it would," said Jessie: "it sounds much better, and none of the other girls would think of it. It will answer just as well for my plan."

"I am glad you have a plan," said Grace; "for I had the idea of a Crusade, but I could not think of a plan. What is yours?"

"Well, you know where Jack and his boys went the other night?"

"Out to the Melvilles. Jack spent the night there," answered Grace.

"What for?" asked Jessie.

"To study up a translation," said Grace.

"They are just put into Virgil."

"Virgil!" exclaimed Jessie. "How much do you suppose Jack would study? No, my dear Grace, those boys have started a secret society, and they had a new member to initiate! They call it a 'Club!'"

"Oh, I knew there was a society," said Grace. "Jack has been prowling over some old books this long time, and has been consulting Gerald."

"Have you found out any of their secrets?" asked Jessie.

"I have not heard him say any thing about secrets. I don't believe they have any!" answered Grace.

"Of course he would not tell you," said Jessie; "but they do have tremendous secrets! Have not you noticed how they behave when they meet?"

"I know they have very rude manners, — winking at each other, and whispering!" — said Grace.

"But I know their society has been going on some time," said Jessie; "and they crook their fingers a particular way when the 'members' come together."

"And do you think we ought to do the same in our Crusade?" asked Grace.

"No; but I feel that we ought to find out what their society is for!" said Jessie. "We might band together, determined that we will discover."

"Is that all?" exclaimed Grace, rather disappointed. "I am sure I don't care about knowing. I had rather not mix myself up in all that. But it seemed to me we might get up something. Margaret was telling me about the crusaders, and how they set off to fight, and how splendid

they were. There was Godfrey de Bouillon: he went and took Jerusalem.

"But we might call this a Crusade," persisted Jessie: "it could be a crusade to find out things, to discover what is going on among the boys?"

"But then I don't care to find out," said Grace. "I can tell you it is very convenient to have Jack busy away with something else. Now that he is off with his society, he does not tease us half as much. Just think what a quiet afternoon we had yesterday with our painting."

"But your father does not like it as well," argued Jessie, "when we are shut up in the house as when we are out. And I am sure it would not be much of a Crusade to stay in your sister's room, and paint all the time."

Grace sighed. She must allow it was what she liked the best.

"I thought your crusaders were the kind of people that did not do what they liked the best, and did not like ease," said Jessie, "and did not stay at home in their castles."

"I am afraid it was so," said Grace, mournfully. "They did things they didn't like to do."

"I am sure they put peas in their shoes, because they wanted to walk as uncomfortably as possible," said Jessie.

"The pilgrims did," said Grace; "and mamma says I am always putting peas in my shoes; that is, that I am making things more uncomfortable than I need. But I am sure they are uncomfortable enough as they are."

Jessie could not help laughing at Grace's grievous face, and Grace laughed herself. They were on their way home from school, and were met by the procession of Molly and Dolly.

CHAPTER VI. — *The Crusade.*

THE girls had to stop, and help the perambulator home. In the afternoon, Dr. Lester came again to take them off on a drive after school; and they were to walk home in their india-rubber boots.

This was their first chance to talk over their Crusade.

"I have been thinking more about it," said Jessie, when they were alone again. "I like your plan of a Crusade, and we might take separate characters. Who were the knights you were telling about, — Godfrey, and who else?"

"Godfrey de Bouillon was the most splendid of all," said Grace. "And then there was Tancred."

"Godfrey is pretty well," said Jessie; "only I don't like the *bouillon* part. It seems like broth or soup. You might be Godfrey, and I might be Tancred. We might get up some armor, and helmets, and things that knights wear."

"That would be splendid," said Grace. "But we ought to admit every body, — any one who is willing to come in. That was the way in the olden time. Every body joined. Even the children got up crusades."

"But didn't they have all sorts of rubbish following along?" asked Jessie. "And what good came of it?"

"I don't know but you are right," said Grace. "There was Walter the Penniless and all his set, and they made a terrible time ravaging the country."

"But where did you learn all this?" asked Jessie.

"Oh! we have just been over it in history, you know," answered Grace; "and then Margaret has been reading Tasso with one of her friends. You know that

is a poem all about it. And she has told me some of the splendid parts."

"Well, you see, it would have been much better if they had been more exclusive, and left the tag-rag, and only taken the choice ones," said Jessie, triumphantly.

"But the trouble would have been to pick out the choice," said Grace; "for the Baldwins and the Tancred's fell to quarrelling. Only Godfrey, he was splendid all through! And it would be rather a small Crusade, — only you and I!"

"What splendid names they do have!" said Jessie. "I suppose we shall have to take in some of the other girls for the rest of the parts. Suppose we stop at the Pendletons' on our way home. We shall be likely to find some of the girls there. I guess there will be time, if we walk quick."

The girls were ploughing through the soft snow, which was melting away fast; and their talk was often interrupted by occasional plunges into deep drifts.

They found, indeed, Amy Harrod visiting Mattie at the Pendletons'. She was about to leave; so Jessie began upon the subject directly: —

"We have got such a plan of a Crusade," she exclaimed, "Grace and I! And we want to have you all join. You are all to take parts; and I think we might make helmets out of silver paper or gold paper. And you can all take names. Grace has the names. I am to be Tancred, and she is to be Godfrey of Bouillon."

"You are to have some dressing up, then," said Amy Harrod.

"Oh! I don't think it is to be all dressing up," explained Grace. "I think we must have some plan of doing something. You know, Mattie, how Margaret has been reading Italian with Louise and the others, and she has told me all the story as they went along."

"Jane has been reading with them, too," said Mattie, "and has told me about it."

"We might have Jane for Clorinda," exclaimed Grace.

"Who is Clorinda?" asked Jessie. "That is such a lovely name! Could not I be Clorinda and Tancred too?"

"Not very well," said Grace, laughing; "because Tancred falls in love with Clorinda the minute he sees her."

"I might fall in love with myself," said Jessie, looking into the glass.

"I don't remember any thing about Clorinda in the history," said Amy.

"No: she comes into the poem," said Grace.

"Jane could tell all about that," said Mattie. "She would help us."

"And, Amy, you might write it out," said Grace. "You could talk it over with Jane, and look it up, and write it out for us."

"I might write it out," said Jessie; "only I should not want the trouble of looking it up."

"I think we had better all look it up," said Grace, "and find out all we can, and meet and tell each other."

"We should have to have a play written out," said Jessie.

"No, we might each have our parts," said Amy, "and each of us say what she chooses."

"Do you mean only at one time, or always?" asked Mattie.

Everybody laughed.

"I am afraid I could not be Godfrey of Bouillon always," said Grace, "because they call me 'whiny-piny' at home; but I might have him in mind all the time."

"I supposed we were going to act it out," said Jessie, "with gilt paper and things."

"We might have the Melvilles' barn, if Nelly Melville would join," said Amy.

"That would be splendid," said Jessie, "to have our Crusade in the Melvilles' barn."

"That is not precisely what I meant," said Grace; "but perhaps it is just as well."

"It is time for me to go home now," said Amy; "but there is no school to-morrow afternoon; so suppose we meet somewhere, and talk it over."

"You might all meet here," said Mattie. "Jane will be at home."

"You can be telling her about it," said Grace, "and prepare her mind. And we will all of us come with ideas."

"I might be Baldwin," said Amy.

"One of the Baldwins," said Grace: "there were two. Or you might be Rinaldo."

"Rinaldo!" exclaimed Jessie. "I don't know but I like that the best. I might be Rinaldo!"

"Then, there were Odvardo and Gil-dippe," said Grace. "They died with each other, at the same time."

"That would do for Jane and me!" exclaimed Mattie; "because we like to do things together."

"Then Nellie Melville might be Clorinda," said Grace, "on account of her golden curls, which ought to spill out of her helmet when it is flung off."

"I will see Nellie Melville, on her way to school," said Amy. "You know she has to pass our house; and I will talk with her about having their barn."

"And I will speak to Jane," said Mattie, as they parted.

Jessie and Grace walked away together.

"You have done as you always do," said Jessie, in an aggrieved voice: "you

have given all the principal parts to those girls."

"Why, Jessie," said Grace, "you know we agreed that we could not have the Crusade without the other girls. And we must have Nelly Melville, on account of the barn. And we must have Jane, because she knows about the story."

"I don't object to all that," said Jessie; "but you took such an interest in them. You forgot all the time that I am your special, intimate friend. Instead of it, you planned their parts, even for Nelly Melville, who was not there! Now, my idea of one person's being a friend, is their being perfectly devoted to them, and doing every thing for them, and not caring for any thing else but them,—even hating other people, and that sort of thing."

Grace was much impressed by Jessie's earnestness, and did not notice her mixing up of "ones" and "thems."

"But I am willing you should speak to Amy, or borrow Mattie's umbrella," she ventured to say.

"Of course, Grace, you know I took it, because I could not go all the way down to your house," said Jessie. "Of course I can borrow things. But I am very sensitive. I cannot bear any treachery in one I love! We must share our quarrels; we must share our secrets!"

"I tell you all mine," said Grace.

"But, Grace, you never told me one," exclaimed Jessie.

"That is because I never had any," said Grace. "I am sure I would tell you every thing I knew, and I would do every thing for you."

"It seems to me, if we are to be Crusaders," said Jessie, "we ought to do every thing for each other, and nothing for any body else."

Grace was inclined to object to agreeing

to doing nothing for anybody else, though she agreed to the rest of what Jessie said.

But they had reached the corner where they must part; and it was now raining hard, and she must hurry home through the wet snow. She could only promise to cling to Jessie like a true Crusader, while she believed that only a Godfrey de Bouillon could deserve such a friendship as Jessie proposed.

To be continued.

LEARN IN ORDER TO LEARN.

SCHOOL-BOYS often object, when a lesson is assigned rather difficult and unpleasant, "What's the good of learning this stuff? It will never be of any use to me." Mr. William M. Evarts, the distinguished lawyer of New York, answered this often-expressed protest in a speech at the centennial anniversary of the Boston Latin School. After remarking that to his mind it had always been clear that mental discipline was the main object of education, he gave to school-boys this excellent advice:—

"As I have felt in my own experience as a scholar, and have always endeavored to teach my boys, that if a young person can be taught well what they don't wish to do at all, then you may trust them to do pleasant and easy things that they prefer; and, if they lose this as a fundamental discipline in those school days, there is no hard discipline, even in real life, that can repair the mischief that they have suffered. It would seem to me, therefore, that discipline we had at the Latin School.

"I certainly was taught to say in the most perfect manner the longest list of Latin nouns and prepositions that I didn't wish to learn at all, became intimately ac-

quainted in their whole pedigree and relation with large sums and words that I never expected to meet in my subsequent life at all; but, having learned that, I could learn other things very easily. Now, the first thought, as it seems to me, of so many graceful seminaries for girls and boys is, that the teachers not only do the teaching, but do the learning as well."

For The Dayspring.

THE MARCH PANSY.

BY K. B. JUDSON.

NOVEMBER, — and the dreary sound
Of rustling leaves upon the ground
Had come; the twitter of the bird,
Piping his farewell note, was heard.

The grass was sere; the trees were bare;
Dark clouds were rushing through the air;
The forest moaned, and seemed to tell
Of shipwreck, storm, disaster fell.

One little bit of shivering green
Watched the storm with patient mien,
And thrilled to its roots with fear and pain
When the first snowflakes falling came.

It quivered, trembled, clung to earth,
And prayed the sun that gave it birth
To send it courage, strength to bear
The pain and chill of wintry air.

No answer came, as the snow fell fast,
And covered the poor little plant at last
With a heavy drift, that on it lay,
Like a weary sorrow, day by day.

For this wee struggler did not know
Its prayer was answered by the snow,
Sent by the sun, in love, to keep
Out the cold through winter bleak.

But it said, "I will hold my leaflets green,
And patiently wait for one bright gleam.
It is dreary to work without any light;
But, surely, it cannot be always night."

So it meekly, trustingly, silently weaves
Its slender stems and its graceful leaves;
And, while it strives, 'mid darkening doubt,
A tiny bud comes peeping out.

And, as the leaves their wealth unfold,
The sun melts away the dark and cold;
When a glorious pansy rears its head
From the icy heart of its wintry bed,
And smiles with its almost human face,
Thanking the sun for its tender grace.

O beautiful pansy! so faithful and true
To the measure of life that was given to you,
Teach me to follow thy patient way
Of working in silence, though dark the day.

That when, at last, is taken away
The pain that ceaselessly, heavily lay,
Green leaves of patience and flowers of faith
May meet the Father's loving face.

And, looking back, I shall understand
How the snow was sent by a loving hand;
Shall see, from the "many mansions" bright,
How out of the darkness cometh light.

ANN BOLTON'S PENALTY.

THEY did things differently in Connecticut in the olden time from the way in which we keep order in church. In the old record-book of a church, dated 1802, is this item: "For making a noise in church, Ann Bolton, spinster, is to sit three days in the poor pew, and pay a fine of five shillings."

If all who whisper, turn leaves, &c., in meeting now-a-days should be fined "five shillings," some young people we know (and a few older ones) would *pay much more than they do* towards church expenses.

When alone guard your thoughts;
When in company, your tongue;
When in your family, your temper.

GO HOME, BOYS!

Boys, don't hang round the corners of the streets. If you have any thing to do, do it promptly, right off; then go home. Home is the place for boys. About the street-corners and at the stables they learn to talk slang, and they learn to swear, to smoke tobacco, and to do many other things which they ought not to do. Do your business; then go home. If your business is play, play, and make a business of it. I like to see boys play good, earnest, healthy games. If I were the town, I would give the boys a good, spacious playground. It should have plenty of soft green grass, and trees and fountains, and broad space to run and jump and to play suitable plays. I would make it as pleasant, as lovely, as it could be, and I would give it to the boys to play in; and, when the plays were ended, I would tell them to go home.

For, when boys hang round the street-corners and the stables, they grow slouchy and listless. Of all things, I dislike a listless boy or girl. I would have a hundred boys like a hundred yachts, with every spar straight and every rope taut, the decks and sides clean, the rigging all in order, and every thing ready to slip the cable, and fly before the wind, when the word comes to go. But this can not be, if you lounge about the streets, and loaf about the corners, and idle away your time at the stables and saloons. — *S. S. Scholar.*

THE LETTERS.

THE entire alphabet is found in these four lines. You can pick them out, if you choose.

"God gives the grazing ox his meat;
He quickly hears the sheep's low cry;
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should joy to lift his praises high."



A SAD PARTING.

HERE you see Mary Lee crying as if her heart would break. She came a month ago to visit her little friend, Alice Sprague, who used to live near to Mary, until her father moved into another town, many miles away. They have had fine times during this vacation visit. They have played croquet on the lawn. They have picked berries in the fields and pastures. They have fed the canary-birds and the chickens. They have sailed in a boat on the pond, with Alice's brother Charlie. They have taken rides in the carryall, with Alice's father. They have been to see old Mrs. Jones, who lives near, and delights to talk with little folks, and always

has some cake or candy laid up for them in her closet. They have spent most of the time out of doors, but on rainy days played with Alice's dolls and toys. In the cradle you see a doll that was presented to Alice last Christmas; but Mary, as soon as she came, began to take all the care of it. She has dressed and undressed it, rocked it in the cradle, and wheeled it in the carriage; and now she is sad because she is going away, and knows that she cannot take it with her. But her grief will not last long; and perhaps next Christmas she will be presented with a doll as good as this, and as pretty a cradle to rock it in. If so, how pleased she will be.

For The Dayspring.

LITTLE FIGURES.

CHAPTER IX.

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.



O you know what a blessing a little child is when you are feeling anxious and worried, — ready to torment yourself in a thousand ways about things which you can neither help nor hinder? A blessing in *disguise* for a time, perhaps, but which you can hardly fail to recognize at last! Such a blessing was Bertie to me. When I first went to Cousin Elizabeth's, I said to myself that I should surely *die* with the weight of anxiety which was laid upon me. I refused to believe in the frequent favorable reports sent me from home of Marcia's condition; but sat at the window by the hour together, looking out upon the hills, and thinking, thinking. Verily, Nature was nothing but an old step-mother, after all. What did she care that Marcia had been at the point of — I couldn't say that dreadful word even to myself. The elm-trees would have waved their branches as gracefully, the hills would have been as green and shiny, the golden-rod and daisies as bright, if God had taken her. I said as much, one day, to Cousin Elizabeth, as she was passing through the room; and she just set her kerosene lamp down *hard* upon the table, and looked at me.

"So you would like to hear the brook sob, because you have been in trouble! You would like to see the golden-rod hang its head, and the trees drape themselves in mourning! Perhaps you'd like the sun put out altogether. His rays have *rather* a cheerful effect; and I never heard of his taking the trouble to keep them in, — *but once*," she added, reverently.

The last words, more than all the others, told me how foolish, how almost *wicked*, I had been. I could not speak for a moment; and, before I had recovered myself, Bertie burst into the room, holding out his wet apron, and saying ruefully, —

"Annie spattered me at the pump, Mattie. "Annie always spatters me at the pump."

Annie was Cousin Elizabeth's adopted daughter. Her own three little girls had all died young.

"You must keep away from the pump, then," said I.

"Change his apron at once," said Cousin Elizabeth, energetically. "You attend to your child, and I'll attend to mine. And, Matilda, I would watch Bertie a little more closely, if I were you. He ate a heaping pint-cup of huckleberries, all in a breath, yesterday."

I did watch Bertie more closely after this. Still, I had time for many foolish thoughts and idle fancies. I called Cousin Elizabeth cold; because, after the first kind inquiries, she seemed to take it for granted that Marcia was on the high-road to health, and troubled herself no more about the matter. Cousin Horace, her husband, I considered infinitely more sympathetic. When I saw the tears in his pale blue eyes, I felt that here was a congenial soul. And, when he spoke of his own dear little daughters, I just cried with him: I couldn't help it.

"I like to shut my eyes, and pretend that they are with me yet," said he, putting his handkerchief before his face. "Sometimes I can almost hear their voices calling me. It won't be long now. It won't be long before I go."

And then we would talk of Marcia until I was crying harder than ever: and, when he left the room, I would take my paper

and pen, and write a frantic appeal to mother or to Ruth; begging them, if they loved me, to keep me no longer in suspense, but to write me every day, *without fail*.

But, before my letter was despatched, perhaps, Bertie would make his appearance. It was, "I'm *so tired*, Mattie! Please hold me just a little while," or, "Won't sister please take me to walk? Annie *isn't nice*. Sister's *so nice*. Won't she just please to go?"

And "sister" would put by her letter, and perhaps spend the rest of the morning in the cool, shady woods, — gathering mosses for mother, or ferns for Ruth, making bouquets of bright wild-flowers, or decorating her little brother's hat with clusters of bunch-berries, with their shiny, green leaves.

When I came back to the house, and read my letter over, it would occur to me that mother and Ruth were about as busy as they could well be, — that they wrote me three times a week already; in short, that, since Marcia was now "very comfortable," my appeal was in the highest degree absurd, and deserved to suffer martyrdom, which it usually did, by the flames — of the kitchen stove.

Yes, Bertie was a real help to me, though I didn't know it then. He kept my thoughts fresh and sweet and healthful. I had little time to brood. Before I had been there three weeks, I had become a little impatient of Cousin Horace's dreams, and could more easily sympathize with his wife's sturdy ignoring of her own bitter sorrow.

She did her duty *so largely*, so bountifully (a strange expression, isn't it?); and not only her own duty, but her husband's also. She cared for every living thing about the place. Still, she was by no means what one would call a lovable

woman. Her heart seemed in her work, and there alone. She seemed to me like a grand machine, made by some great master workman, which could never, never get out of order, and which inspired me with no little awe on that account.

"She is *so strong*," I thought to myself; "so unselfish! How can she give all her time and thoughts to those old berries and tomatoes, and those *everlasting* rolls of butter?"

With the audacity of my fifteen years, I ventured one day to question her upon the propriety of keeping one's thoughts *always* upon the things of this world; and, though I dressed my speech in soft raiment, and tried to give it the air of a general remark, she "took" at once.

"So you think, Matilda, that I have no thoughts for other things."

"Oh, no, no!" I stammered, — "not quite that — but" —

"Matilda," said she, looking down upon me as an eagle might look at a poor little sparrow, "you are a baby in some ways; yet you are more thoughtful than most girls of your age, so I don't mind speaking to you as if you were a rational being. Let me tell you that I should die daily, if it were not for the very work which distresses you so much."

"It doesn't *distress* me," I began hurriedly; but she interrupted me.

"Can't you see that every day of my life is a warfare? I fight dead memories as one fights a living foe. My husband courts them, lives in them: but I — I *can't*; I do *not dare*; it would kill me. No: I take a long look into the future. I see the time when I shall have my children again; and the space between this and then I fill with work, *work, work*; and the work is my salvation. Yes, my *soul's* salvation, Matilda Woodbury."

I felt as if I had applied a poor little *match* to a sleeping volcano, and aroused it effectually. Yet the volcano quieted itself almost immediately.

Ah! was she *not* strong and brave and noble, — my Cousin Elizabeth, humoring her weaker husband in the indulgence of the sweet memories which she could never allow to herself? I seemed to see it all now. It was not that she loved less: it was that her loyal heart refused to abate one jot of its strong allegiance to those she had lost.

I longed to throw myself into her arms, and ask her forgiveness; but I did not dare. Instead, I said a very foolish thing, —

"How I wish we could have all our troubles when we are babies! We should get over them so much better. They wouldn't sink in."

"We shouldn't appreciate them," she said, with a smile. "And the *sinking in* is what we need." Then she added seriously, "Have faith in God, Matilda. I couldn't live a day without it."

"Aunt 'Lisbeth! Aunt 'Lisbeth!" called Annie's shrill voice, "Nancy says the tomatoes is boilin'" — and off went Cousin Elizabeth to the kitchen; for these were the days of pickling and preserving, and the work was more inexorable than ever.

That afternoon we had a thunder-shower, and, at its close, a beautiful rainbow made its appearance in our sky. Bertie, who had been in the kitchen, watching the process of tomato-canning with much interest, was now sitting upon the door-step with Annie, listening to her explanation of what to him was always a fresh wonder and delight.

"So you see," she concluded, "God *can't* have any more floods, 'cause he said he wouldn't."

"No more floods of rain and water,"

remarked Bertie, who was disposed to be literal.

"Of course. What else *could* he make a flood of?"

"He might make it of tomato-juice," said Bertie, thoughtfully.

"Bless the child!" cried Cousin Elizabeth: "I don't wonder he thought of that. I'm afraid we can't get up a rainbow to top off our flood with, or a promise of escape for the future. We shall just have to take it as it comes, and" —

"You wouldn't have to have a Noah's ark, would you?" interrupted Bertie.

"Not unless our tomato-crop was larger than it has been this year," was her laughing reply.

"The rainbow always makes me think of my Lulu," said a tremulous voice behind us. "Do you remember, mother, how she used to say" —

"I remember *every thing*," she replied hastily. "Horace, I don't believe you shut those south windows before this shower. I must go and see."

She left the room, and her husband followed. I fell to wondering then what she could have seen in Cousin Horace that attracted her youthful fancy. She was just the wife for him; but was he *just* the husband for her? I wondered if such things were really ordered for us; and, if so, why God hadn't looked out a *little* better for Cousin Elizabeth? — why he hadn't given her a strong arm to lean upon, — some one to help her over the rough places of life, and upon whose judgment she could have relied? What a sweet, attractive woman she might have been under happier circumstances! The softness of her nature might have had fair play. As it was, it was cruelly cramped, — not dwarfed, but shut in.

But when I came to think of her husband without her, it was just impossible.

As one of the neighbors had remarked to me, "He would have been just nothing at all without his wife;" though, singularly enough, he did not recognize this fact. So I came to the conclusion that God must have seen that there was only one woman in the world for Cousin Horace, and kindly given her to him.

Just as I had arrived at this wise conclusion, a neighbor brought me a letter from Ruth, full of dear home gossip.

"You don't know, Mat," she wrote, "how nicely we are getting on. Marcia walked into mother's room yesterday, and papa is going to carry her down stairs in a few days. Poor Marcia! she looks a great deal thinner now than when she was lying in bed. Do you know? I really seem to forget what a *harum-scarum* she was: she is so weak now, and seems so gentle, — sweet she always was, even in her blunderings. The other day, when she was looking at herself in the glass, she suddenly exclaimed, 'Marcia Woodbury, where *have* you been?' I laughed at first, but could have cried when she answered the question, — she spoke so seriously, almost solemnly, — 'You've been to the Valley of the Shadow of Death, Marcia Woodbury.' She made a little pause, still gazing intently at herself. 'Well, you look like it,' she added at length; and then said, as she handed me the glass, 'I wonder what God sent her back for, Ruthie?' — 'Because he knew we wanted her *so much, so much*,' I cried. I stroked her poor, cropped hair; but she held out her arms to me, and — never mind the rest. But I *will* say this, Mat: we've had an angel among us, and never known it. I feel so mean and *small* when I think of her generous sacrifices, and her *motherly* love (I can't find another word that expresses it) for every thing poor and afflicted and

unfortunate! How we have laughed at and scolded her, Mattie! We never, never, *never* will do it again, if she breaks every thing in the house, — will we?

"Miss Janet comes over every day. Isn't she good? She has left Jack here, for Marcia's benefit; and he really condescends a show of affection for her, at which she marvels greatly, considering — you know what. If animals go to heaven, she is sure Maltie is there; and she can ask her forgiveness *some time*, for her ill treatment.

"Jimmie Phelan *trots* up-stairs every afternoon, and spends just fifteen minutes, by the clock, with our invalid. He hardly says a word; neither does Marcia. They just devour each other with their eyes; and both seem to get an immense amount of satisfaction out of it.

"But I mustn't forget to tell you about the Sunday-school: I took your class Sunday for the first time. Don't believe I should have gone then, if Angie hadn't insisted. I haven't a bit of genius for teaching; and those little things *look* at you so. Your 'Sore-Eyes' treated me to a pickled lime (where do you s'pose she got it?); which, of course, I had to accept, with thanks, though what to do with it I didn't know. Benny Brightman says he likes you best of all the Sunday-school women. He wouldn't let any body else teach him all the time, for a *hundred dollars*. Complimentary to me, isn't it?

"Mr. Kingsbury tries so hard to make the school pleasant. He has bought some nice, second-hand books with Mamie's fair money. And Rufus works like a hero: but that horrid cocoa-nut-cake boy has been too much for him. He has been dreadfully saucy to him, and has even dared to answer Mr. Kingsbury disrespectfully.

"In the midst of the exercises, Sunday, we heard an uproar, which seemed to come

from that class. I looked over, and there stood Rufus, pale and dignified, pointing toward the door. You wouldn't have known him, Mat. Even his red hair took on a majestic look. He seemed like a statue of vengeance.

"'You may go,' said he, sternly.

"Cocoa-nut-cake looked at him defiantly; but his eyes fell before Rufus's steady gaze; still, he didn't offer to move.

"'Shall I help you?' said Rufus.

"He rose then, and walked sullenly out, muttering as he went. I was thankful to see the last of him; but, when I said so to Rufus, he looked pained.

"'He was not altogether bad,' said he: 'he was kind to little Jacobs, and I think he really loves his mother. I hope some one else will do better for him than I have done.'

"Wasn't that saint-like in Rufus the Red, when he has borne *every* thing from Cocoa-nut-cake? By the way, that young man's name is Hi Rumrill. Appropriate, isn't it?

"But my letter is getting too long. *Bushels* of love from mother and Marcia. *Bushels* of love and kisses for darling Bertie. Nobody knows how I want to squeeze that child. Your loving sister,

"RUTH."

This letter made me long to fly home. As I couldn't do that, I squeezed Bertie for Ruth, at which treatment he rebelled stoutly.

"O Bertie!" said I, "aren't you glad we're all alive?"

"I wish Annie could be *dead*," was his unexpected answer.

"Why, Bertie Woodbury!"

"I do; 'cause she says my new boots is made out of *alligators*, and she keeps making up her face to me."

To be continued.

For the Dayspring.

WHAT THE HONEY BEE SAID TO THE BOYS.

I'm nothing but a Honey Bee!

Yet I keep busy, as you see.

My work it lasts from sun to sun;

I seldom stop until it's done.

I never spend much time in play;

I never loiter by the way:

Whatever work I find to do

I do it well, and quickly too!

I travel many miles each day,

And sweetest treasures bring away.

Within my cell I store the sweet

That little folks all love to eat.

I always sing a little song;

Somehow, it helps my work along.

Just try it, boys, and you will find

Your work will never lag behind.

Some boys can sing, and *whistle* too!

That's something I could never do;

But I was never known to shirk

A task, or any kind of work.

Now, boys, there's one thing let me tell:

Whate'er you do, to do it well;

Although I'm neither boy nor man,

I do the very best I can.

AUNT CLARA.

North Andover, Mass

WE should never speak, at least openly, of our own faults, or those of others, if we do not think thereby to effect some useful purpose.

WHEN the coachman of Frederick the Great upset his coach, Frederick swore like a trooper; but the coachman coolly asked: "And you, did you never lose a battle?" The King smiled graciously.

A SHORT SERMON.

BY ALICE CARY.

CHILDREN who read my lay,
 This much I have to say:
 Each day, and every day,
 Do what is right, —
 Right things in great and small.
 Then, though the sky should fall,
 Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
 You shall have light.

This further would I say:
 Be you tempted as you may,
 Each day, and every day,
 Speak what is true, —
 True things in great and small.
 Then, though the sky should fall,
 Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
 Heaven would show through.

Figs, as you see and know,
 Do not out of thistles grow;
 And, though the blossoms blow
 While on the tree,
 Grapes never, never yet
 On the limbs of thorns were set:
 So, if you a good would get,
 Good you must be.

Life's journey through and through,
 Speaking what is just and true:
 Doing what is right to do
 Unto one and all,
 When you work, and when you play,
 Each day, and every day:
 Then peace shall gild your way,
 Though the sky should fall.

I HAVE come to the conclusion if man, or woman either, wishes to realize the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble hopes and purposes; by having something to do, and something to live for, which is worthy of humanity, and which, by expanding the capacities of the soul, gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it. — *Prof. Upham.*

HUMOROUS.

"I'd like you to help me a little," said a tramp, poking his head into a country shop. — "Why don't you help yourself?" returned the proprietor, angrily. — "Thank you, I will," said the tramp, as he picked up a bottle of pickles and two loaves of bread, and disappeared.

An old gentleman of the name of Page, finding a young lady's glove at a watering-place, presented it to her with the following words: —

"If from your glove you take the letter G,
 Your glove leaves love, which I devote to thee."

To which the lady returned the following answer: —

"If from your page you take the letter P,
 Your page is age, and that won't do for me."

A little boy, on returning home from church, was asked by his mother to give the text. After a thoughtful pause, the little fellow replied: "I don't hardly remember; but it was something about a hawk between two pigeons." The text was "Why halt ye between two opinions?"

"Were there any aliens and strangers among the Jews at the time of their journey to the Promised Land?" asked the superintendent, last Sunday. — "No, sir," replied the smart boy on the back seat: "they were all to manna born." School closed with singing.

A young woman was explaining the various curiosities of the Philadelphia Exposition to her father, who seemed interested in the specimens of ancient armor, with swords lying below. "What are them things?" said the old man. — "Them are idols," said the well-informed daughter, "and the swords is *offerin's*."

Very comfortable quarters, — twenty-five cent pieces.

THE September Number of the "Sunday-school Lessons" begins the study of the Old Testament, where the last series left it, at the division of the kingdom immediately after the death of Solomon. The five Lessons for this month are: "The Division of the Kingdom," "Ahab and Jezebel," "Elijah the Prophet," "Elijah and Elisha," and "Jehu the King." Specimen copies will be sent to any address. The last series of Lessons, extending over the period from Abraham to Solomon, has been bound in a handsome, flexible cloth volume, and is sold at the remarkably low price of twenty-five cents single, or two dollars and fifty cents per dozen. The series now begun will be first published in ten monthly parts, and then in a compact volume of one hundred and twenty-four pages, like the preceding series. These two volumes on the Old Testament will, it is probable, be followed by others on the New, the whole forming a systematic course of Biblical study for Sunday-schools.

WE would remind the friends of the Unitarian Sunday-school Society that it is in great need of donations to enable it to carry on its work efficiently. The financial year of the society will close on the 30th of September, and it is hoped that before that time collections will be taken in its behalf in many churches which have thus far failed to do so.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Unitarian Sunday-school Society will be held in Hingham, Mass., on Wednesday and Thursday, October 16 and 17. Rev. Pitt Dillingham, of Charlestown, will preach the sermon, and one of the essays will be read by Rev. J. G. Brooks, of Roxbury.

Puzzles.

ENIGMA.

My first, a company you find;
Curtail, 'tis censure mind;
My second is a little word;
Transposed, it gives my third;
May you never meet face to face
My whole, an outlawed race.

FLORENTINE.

EASY ENIGMA.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 3, 6, 1 should always be obeyed.
My 4, 2, 12, is an untruth.
My 7, 17, 16, comes in the spring.
My 15, 5, 10, 11, is a small stream of water.
My 14, 9, 18, 13, 16, is a name given to a squirrel.
My 8, 9, 19, is to sever.
My whole is the name of an American poet.

SQUARE WORD.

1. An operation performed by barbers. 2. Custom. 3. To make ashamed. 4. A law term meaning neighborhood. 5. Something used to cause insensibility.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

ENIGMA.

Thomas Campbell.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

M edi A
O meg A
S ycha R
E kr O n
S imeo N

RIDDLE.

Peacock.

THE DAYSPRING.

(Rev. George F. Piper, Editor),

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